M. H. CARDNER, Publisher.

BANTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

THE ROSE IN THE BOOK. Lo? pressed here in God's sacred book, Behold the fragments of a flow'r That once beside Judean brook Lived out its evanescent hour. No longer in the dews of night It glitters like a diadem; No more the holy morning light Falls on the rose & Bethlehem.

The faded leaves recall an age Beloved to-day a thousand-fold, And I have pressed it on the page That breathes the wonder-tale of old. Upon it, like a sunbeam, lies A benediction all Divine, And from its crushed heart seem to rise The odors sweet of Palestine.

Methinks I hear the dulcet flow Of Kedron thro' its restful glade; And where my rose smiled, long ago, The angel-guarded Saviour play'd. There fell not o'er his youthful bliss The shadow of the soon-to-be: No thoughts of Calvary were his, No vision of Gethse

Thus in the Bible I have kept The rose that seldom sees the sun; It grew near where the Master wept. And bloomed where Kedron's waters run. And as the old vainglerious Kings Held dear the crown's most precious gem, So will I prize the rose that brings Sweet memories from Bethlehem -T. C. Harbaugh, in Demorest's Monthly,

## THE VICTIM CLOTHES.

By Howard Fielding and Frederick R. Burton.

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His eyes were fixed at the moment upon a rent in his trousers which admitted a small detachment of cool, morning breeze fresh from the sea. The smile on his face gave way to an expression of disgust, and he sat up in sudden irritation. This movement caused a sharp pain to shoot across his back, which reminded him that the way of the transgressor is hard.

And then the full, delightful, cussedness of the situation dawned upon him. What should he do? What could he do? He sat up again and looked hopeless-

ly about. Upon a bench not fifteen paces away was a young woman, evidently a servant of some kind, for her dress was of plain material, set off with big white cuffs at the sleeves, and such a frill of lace at the neck as only ladies' maids wear. Her face was concealed by a kerchief which she held to her eyes, and which Mr. Drane doubted not was in a process of lachrymose drenching. He watched her with languid interest, wondering stupidly what brought her there at such an hour, whether she had been locked out and feared a reprimand or discharge grateful, indeed I am, believe me," and when she should go home, whether, without further ado she took his hand perhaps, she, too, had indulged too freely in-bah! Mr. Drane recoiled in profound horror at the suggestion. Was it possible that a mere accidental change in circumstances, the mere accoutrements of the slums, should make him capable of entertaining for an instant such a thought about a woman? Was a man to be the victim of his gar-

In silent reparation for his unuttered offense Mr. Drane began vigorously to think all manner of pretty things about the unhappy young woman, insisting to himself that she must be beautiful, inmocent, injured, lovely and so on, until presently, his adjectives having been three times exhausted, he had worked



SHE DIDN'T HAVE HER WEALTH WITH HER.

himself into a fair frenzy of interest about her. He longed to see her face, but that she kept persistently concealed; to hear her voice, but not even a low sob rewarded his attentive ear. A moment more and he would have resumed his miserable self-contemplation, but his interest in the young woman was sustained by an unexpected episode.

Across the park came strolling idly a man such as the night wanderer in New York may meet at any hour. He were an approved silk hat and the complete uniform of an evening diner. The collar of his light overcoat was turned up about his neck, but it was not buttoned. It was clear that he had dined wisely and played with a cool head afterwards and was now going home on principle, holding it as a canon of gentlemanly behavior that one should always be in bed

Mr. Drane did not observe this vision sponded: or prosperous indolence until it paused directly before the weeping young

and he watched the scene with more than curiosity. He saw the young man hand towards the young woman and move as if he would sit down beside her.

He saw the young woman rise hastily and try to walk away, but the man laid came that she was away from her emhis hand upon her shoulder. A second later and Drane had seized the fellow's held across the other's chest so suddenly that he was flung back a pace or two.

"You infernal tramp!" cried the fellow, and he was following it up with language much stronger when Mr. Drane interrupted him.

"Speak a single word that fails in respect to this woman," said he, "or raise your finger to do her an injury, and I'll if luck is not wholly against me." break every bone in your body!"

"Well, take the chippie and-" Mr. Drane lost patience and knocked the fellow down. It was a straight, of confiding in a mere servant. The quick blow and it closed the disturbance as well as the right eye of the man who received it. He staggered to his feet, growled something about the police and walked rapidly away.

Mr. Drane turned to the lady's maid, against a tree.

"I trust that I did not frighten you." he said. "Perhaps I should have been less violent."

The maid did not reply at once. She looked at Mr. Drane in a daze of surprise until a faint color crept into her check and a suspicion of a smile crossed her lips. Then Mr. Drane remembered. He glanced at his remnant of a hat which he held in his hand, and his eyes immediately fell, but he found no comfort in his boots, where they rested. All and he shifted awkwardly, trying to speak and merely mumbling. With the same irresistible gaucherie he passed stubble there gave further evidence of young woman seemed to realize somewhat of his emotions, for her face instantly became serious and she said,

"I am sure I owe very much to your kindness, your courage, your muscle. Truly I am very grateful."

Mr. Drane knew that he was blushing, and he wondered whether his face were clean enough to show it. He looked up and saw the young woman's blue eyes regarding him compassionately.

"I feel as if I must apologize for addressing you at all, miss," he half stammered. "I forgot my-well, my loathsome appearance. It isn't mine, it isn't my fault; in fact, I am not exactly the thing you see."

"Oh, forgive me if I have appeared to notice any thing but your goodness, sir," exclaimed the young woman, approaching him impulsively asshe spoke; you have doubtless been unfort; nate, perhaps seen better days. I am sure you are a gentleman at heart, and I am and pressed it warmly in both of hers. Mr. Drane winced. There was the most delicate condescension in her manner would have rendered offensive: "See, I only prove my identity." recognize your nobility of character, no matter how ugly is your disguise, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge it." To be thus treated by a servant!

Yesterday this interesting young person would have stammered in his presence, hung her head, and would have been overwhelmed at receiving a service at his hands. Now, forsooth, she speaks grandly, airs her superiority, the time of which I am about to speak condescends to grasp Mr. Lawrence Drane's hand! The unhappy man began to experience profound resentment at this conceited lady's maid when a surprising change in her manner aroused his curious interest. She let fall his hand as impulsively as she had seized it, blushed painfully and looked at her white little hands which she folded before her.

"Alas! I forgot," she said, and her lips trembled. "You can not understand, of course. Oh, dear! oh, dear! You see, I, too, am not at all what you see me, or what you think I am."

Mr. Drane hastened to give the lie to his recent emotions.

"I am sure, miss," he declared, gallantly, "I have seen you and thought of you only as a lady in distress to whom it has been my unalloyed pleasure to render some small assistance."

The young woman looked up again. Her eyes were brimming with tears,

nevertheless she laughed softly. "I can not help it, miserable as I am." she said; "for your words do sound so incongruous," and she glanced as if in spite of herself at Mr. Drane's tattered

clothing. "Yes, miss," responded Mr. Drane, humbly. Then gathering courage from the remnants of his pride he added: "And do you know, miss, I have thought the same about your words," and he made no disguise of looking at the big cuffs, the emblem of her social position.

ly, "for I am not 'miss' at all. I am a "I am deeply grieved!" exclaimed Mr. Drane, bastily. "A blow of that nature

"I do not wonder," she replied, calm-

coming upon one so young must be severe indeed."

in the young woman's eyes as she re-

"Pray do not distress yourself. My widowhood came so unexpectedly, was woman. It was clear that the man such a surprise, in fact, that it was that we carry the story of our play to ddressed her, for she started sud- more of a shock than a blow. There its logical conclusion by rehearsing a denly and took her kerchief from her were certain compensating circum- marriage ceremony. 'It's something be "broke."

eyes. Mr. Drane's brows contracted stances, but, of course, I ought not to speak of such a matter lightly.

"No, I suppose not," admitted Mr. step nearer to the bench, put out his Drane, rather dubiously. Even in his wretched situation he felt an extraordinary interest in this young widow, and he wondered again vaguely how it ployment at daybreak. She was tapping the ground with her foot thoughtfully, wrist with a grip that made the joint | evidently hesitating about continuing crack. Then he doubled the arm he her explanation. Mr. Drane was naturally curious. Circumstances had brought them strangely together. What could be botter than to exchange confidences? He began:

"You have been so good, madam, as to admit the possibility of my having seen better days. That is decidedly the case, and I mean to see better ones yet

Then he stopped abruptly, for the consciousness of his situation overwhelmed him, and he felt the absurdity young woman did not notice his manner.

"It is you who have been good," she said, "and you ought to know more fully how you have befriended me. My story is a strange one; people do not credit it, but I trust you will believe me. Let us who, very pale, was leaning heavily sit down, for I am fatigued with anxiety and sleeplessness."

Still this same irritating condescension from a lady's maid! Mr. Drane thought ruefully of his bedraggled appearance and admitted that appearances justified it. What becomes of the fine "A man's a man for a' that,"

when every body estimates him by his apparel? How can the ragamuffin maintain his own pride when he knows that the rest of the world is against him? It is folly to kick against appearances, and what is folly is useless, and what is usehis gentility departed on the instant, less should not be held; ergo, a man who appears to be a vagabond and disreputable is a vagabond and disreputable, and so much the worse if he stubbornly enhis hand over his chin, and the rough deavor to maintain the contrary. Such was the bitter train of reasoning inhis absurdly miserable situation. The dulged by Mr. Drane as he and the fair young widow went to the bench from which she had been driven, for she was fair, notwithstanding sundry evidences of a sleepless night, and interesting in spite of her big cuffs and lace frill.

"To begin, as a woman must, at neither end of the story," she began when they were seated, "you must know that I possess immense wealth."

Mr. Drane rose quickly. "I beg your pardon for the interruption," he said, "but do you happen to have any of that with you?"

"Alas! no," she replied, dismally, "and that is not the worst of it."

"It's as bad as it can be for the moment," Mr. Drane insisted, as he resumed his seat. "You see, I would have been very glad to give you my note for five hundred if you had it convenient." The young woman looked at him soarchingly.

"I should be wicked if I did not desire to help you, poor man," she said, gravely, "and I trust the time may come speedily when I shall be able to do so."

Mr. Drane was stung, but not crushed. "You must understand," he exclaimed, "that I should repay it. I've got plenty of money, that is, there's plenty beand tone; her action said what words longing to me, and I can get it if I can

The young woman's eyes were dilated

with wonder and doubt. "Strange!" she said. slowly, "for that is exactly my own case. You shall tell me your story presently. Listen to mine. I became an orphan at an early then, a widow with great wealth. The age, and until a little more than a year ago I lived with my guardian, a warm friend of my father's, in Buffalo. At with some particularity I had just attained my majority, so that I controlled what little property had been bequeathed to me. I still lived with my noon. My trunks were to follow me guardian, however, and had not thought this morning. Fatigued with the seriously of the fact that I was at last absolutely a responsible being in the for customs officers and feeling world. There had been some suitors for my hand, but to none had I shown the least favor. That they were all sincere I have no doubt, for my fortune was too slight to be a temptation. Among them was a singular young man of really immense riches. He was generally credited with being the possessor of thirteen millions."

"Deuced unlucky figure," interposed

Mr. Drane. "You shall see," said the fair narrator. "I could not bring myself to feel more than he could stand. I was not towards this young man as I believe a clear as to his meaning, but I underwoman should towards a husband, although I had no reason to entertain any thing but respect for his character. My guardian pleaded with me to make a match so palpably desirable, but I could Drane, ungrammatically. not consent. It was while this matter was pending that some of my associates arranged to give an amateur theatrical performance for the benefit of a charita-ble institution. As fortune, or perhaps shrewd design, would have it, this wealthy young man and I were cast for opposite parts. I had plainly rejected his proposals to me, but he would not take no for an answer, and he persisted in a quiet, good-natured devotion that I could not resent, but which began to grow irksome, until at last I feared that should have to marry him in order to be free from him. I was in this half tormented spirit when we met one night at a private house for rehearsal.

"He was always insisting that we There was a most improper twinkle should go over our love scenes again and again, and the others who understood the situation sided with him. At the end of that evening, having teased me as much as possible, he suggested

we must all come to,' he said, 'and I imagine that a fellow would feel much better before the altar if he had learned how to go through the motions.' The others, silly young things! were fired with the idea and without further thought arranged the furniture so as to represent an altar, the chancel rail and

"A very reprehensible proceeding," commented Mr. Drane. The young woman was about to proceed when a gray-coated officer, one of those guardians of public parks ironically known as "sparrow chasers," stepped up and addressed Mr. Drane:

"Say, yous, do you think nobody else don't want to sit down? I let you sleep off your jag here, see? an' it's 'bout time you moved on, see?"

Mr. Drane was about to resent the interference when the young woman

whispered: "Say nothing and obey?"

So they rose, and followed for a moment by the policeman's curious eyes, walked along the winding path to another bench, where they sat down again. "Officious impudence!" muttered Mr.

Drane. "Never mind," said the young woman, soothingly, "he has to do something to earn his pay. Let me see, where was I

on the other bench?" "At the mock chancel rail."

"Oh, yes; well, teased as I was I consented to the farce, saying that it should be the last of my lover's nonsense that I would endure. We went through an absurd rigmarole, they made me say



"IN THE GRASP OF THE LAW."

lots of foolish things, and at the end the young man who played the minister insisted on kissing the bride. Then my mock husband insisted, and-oh! dear me!-it was very mortifying, and until that wretched performance was given I had to endure all sorts of banter and jest. Then came the tragedy. A few days after the performance my mock husband was thrown from his carriage and instantly killed. Of course I was shocked, together with his other friends, but you may imagine my surprise when his will was unsealed to find that he had left, after a few minor bequests, all his thirteen millions to me, his

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Drane, softly, and he looked hard at the ground to conceal the incredulity that he knew must show itself in his eyes.

"I then learned," continued the young woman, "that the man who performed the mock ceremony was authorized to do it in real earnest, and that the presence of witnesses and the other features of New York law made the marciage legal. It was carried to the courts and so decided. Behold me, situation was not wholly pleasant, for people talked and suitors came in troops. So I went abroad. Yesterday I arrived in America again. I know nothing of this city, and yielding to my maid's advice I went to the Adams Hotel. That was in the early afterworry of landing and the waiting the approach of a sick headache, I retired. About six o'clock I awoke refreshed to find that my maid had disappeared with my clothing, my hand-baggage and all my money. She had left me what I now wear, which I was forced to put on. The clerk of the hotel very impudently discredited my story; said that my mistress had paid the bill and gone, and that I was to followher to the St. Cloud. He added, moreover, that two games of the kind in one day were stood him to refer to some man who had attempted to impose upon the house earlier in the day with a similar story." "Yes, that was me," groaned Mr.

"In sheer desperation," continued the hapless widow, "I went to the St. Cloud, but, of course, found no trace of my maid. Since then I have wandered about most of the time in this park, supperless, sleepless and, until you interposed, friendless."

"Madam," said Mr. Drane, when she had finished, "your tale is most interesting."

"And a clever fabrication, I suppose?" she added, sadly.

"No, madam, I do not say that," he exclaimed, in confusion, for he was struggling hard to believe it. "I am not a widower, and I have not been robbed by my valet, but otherwise I am in a situation to trust your account of your career implicitly. Somebody has taken my clothing, my money, my credit, my name, my identity from me, and-"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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